

MOLINEUX DID NOT FLINCH AT RECORDER GOFF'S WORDS; DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

POISONER QUICKLY TAKEN TO DEATH HOUSE IN SING SING.

(Continued from First Page.)

ing March 24 by Recorder Goff this morning.

The usual motions for a new trial were denied. Then came a great surprise. Molineux spoke in his own behalf. He reviewed briefly the testimony of witnesses and asked how a jury could have convicted him. He denounced with dramatic emphasis the attack of the District-Attorney on his wife.

He characterized it as the act of a blackguard, and stamped his statements as "damnable lies." Molineux was calm and calm. His admirable composure never deserted him. The General was grave and earnest. The court-room was hushed and still.

NEVER QUIVERED.

Throughout the Recorder's speech Molineux never quivered. Not even when the Recorder mentioned the week in which he was to die did the remarkable prisoner lose his composure.

He gazed pensively at the leaden sky showing above the tops of the buildings surrounding the court-room. The General looked in every word which the Recorder uttered.

When it was over Mr. Weeks shook hands with Molineux and took him to his cell. There was moisture in the blood attorney's eyes and his voice trembled. Molineux turned immediately and marched out of the court-room brightly, in the same athletic fashion which has characterized him throughout.

FATHER'S GRIEF.

The General turned and followed his son with his soul in eyes. He never turned until the door closed on the prisoner. His face was flushed and his eyes moist.

His soul was in his face and his heart was in his eyes. He turned with a deep sigh and spoke to Leslie, who patted him reassuringly on the back.

Molineux went out with his usual smile. He has always bestowed a pleasant and warm smile on the doorman. He showed no braggadocio and on the whole made a favorable impression.

The brave old father will battle as long as he is able. When he left the court-room he went direct to the Tombs, where Molineux had been taken to await transportation to Sing Sing.

A GREAT CROWD.

Outside the court-room where Roland Burnham Molineux spent so many nerve-racking weeks, there was the same morbid, pushing crowd gathered this morning.

They were sipping eagerly for a peep at the celebrated prisoner. Thirty persons under the direction of Sergeant Tassan kept the crowd from venturing too close to the court-room entrance. The mob was massed at the far end of the corridors, and many were the pines and excursions made to get nearer to the place where the young prisoner was to pass.

The police arrangements were excellent, and there was no repetition of the disgraceful scenes which marked the closing days of the trial.

Gen. Molineux and his son Leslie arrived at the Court House at 10 o'clock and the crowd gazed curiously at the little white-haired old gentleman, who has won the admiration and esteem of the whole world by his manly bearing during the course of his son's trial.

There was an attempt at a cheer, but the policemen quickly silenced it. It was unseemly and out of place.

The General passed along the corridor with military stride and head erect. There was nothing in his face which would indicate nervousness or worry.

The General was resigned. He knew that the proceedings today could not possibly be averted, and therefore it was as if this was a full-dress rehearsal, so to speak.

The General was fully acquainted with the motions his son's counsel intended to make and there was nothing uncertain about the date and his son's death. He, rather, the date that the Recorder says the young chemist must die. But the General, in his big, brave heart, knew that his boy would not die on that date. The General would fight and battle for Roland until the law finally blocked his way.

TO PRISON WITH HIS SON.

"I shall go to Sing Sing with Roland," said Gen. Molineux to an Evening World reporter. "He is feeling splendidly."

"I see by the public prints that some persons propose to raise funds by a public subscription to aid in the defense of my son."

"Under no circumstances will I permit this to be done. I will not accept a cent from any public source in the fight I am making, and shall make it to save my son. I wish this to be distinctly understood."

GIANT OF THE FAMILY.

Leslie is the giant of the family. All of the Molineuxs are small in stature, but Leslie, an ordinary sized man, is big, healthy and stout. His head is round and head quite bald. The General has more hair than his big son.

Leslie seemed to instill courage and confidence into the General and the two walked quietly but cheerfully after they had taken their usual seats in the court-room. The old General fed his son, and sat quietly and firmly for the rest of the day.

Mr. Recorder was late. He did not arrive until 10:30. He came in slowly. His head was bowed and pale. His white hair was brushed carefully as if he had been and had to hurry downtown. He also had a disconcerted look.

Mr. Recorder looked as if he had been annoyed at the job he had to do. He was accompanied by a man, who looked solemn and

Mr. Recorder moved his head, and only the white hair was visible.

TO THE BAR.

Mr. Recorder then gave permission to the defendant to address the court.

Molineux then made the address which is given above. There was a great

GOFF PRONOUNCING POISONER'S DOOM.



There was a stir in the court-room and a craning of necks to the back door, which opened and admitted the young chemist and his keepers. Molineux strode into court in his usual brisk fashion.

His shoulders were thrown back in his usual squared fashion. His head was carried high in the usual tilted fashion, chin far up.

It is strange that none of the witnesses against Molineux identified him by his peculiar carriage. It is his most distinctive trait. Molineux started to take his old seat. The General half rose and extended his hand.

He held his arm outstretched for some moments, but finding that his son was not to take his old place he sunk back into his seat. There he remained, drinking in his son's face with his eyes.

PALE, BUT COMPOSED.

Molineux was halted at the jury-box gate. He was pale, but composed. He showed no nervous tremor and stood with both hands on the polished rail in front of him. He was quietly dressed.

He wore a sack suit of black cheviot, trousers of the same material.

His shoes, originally a shiny patent leather, were worn and needed polishing. Mr. Weeks stood at his right hand. They made an impressive picture, ready to make the final battle for the young chemist's life.

"Roland Burnham Molineux, have you any legal cause to show why judgment of death should not now be pronounced against you?"

Mr. Weeks then addressed the Court in slow, measured and impressive terms:

MR. WEEKS'S APPEAL.

The defendant herein, Roland B. Molineux, by his counsel, respectfully moves for a new trial herein upon the following grounds:

First—That the verdict is contrary to law and clearly against the evidence.

Second—The verdict is contrary to the evidence, and against the weight of evidence.

Third—Upon the refusal of the Court to charge the several requests submitted to the Court by the defendant, which said requests were refused by the Court and exception thereto duly taken, as more fully appears by the record herein.

Fourth—Upon each of the exceptions taken by the defendant to the overruling of the Court of defendant's objections to the admission of evidence offered by the prosecution.

Fifth—Upon each of the exceptions taken by the defendant to the rulings of the Court in excluding testimony offered by the defendant.

Sixth—Upon each and every of the exceptions taken by the defendant to the ruling of the Court in refusing to direct the jury to disregard certain portions of the opening address of the District-Attorney to the jury, and to the refusal of the Court to direct the jury to disregard certain portions of the testimony of the defendant.

Seventh—Upon each and every of the exceptions taken by the defendant to the refusal of the Court to direct the jury to disregard certain portions of the testimony of the defendant.

Eighth—Upon each and every of the exceptions taken by the defendant to the ruling of the Court in admitting or excluding evidence, or in charging or instructing the jury upon the law of the trial of the issue herein.

Ninth—Upon each and every exception taken to the ruling of the Court in admitting witnesses or testimony, or in deciding any question of law, or in charging or instructing the jury upon the law of the trial of the issue herein.

Tenth—Upon each and every of the exceptions taken by the defendant during the examination of jurors herein and during the course of the trial.

MOTION DENIED.

Recorder Goff—The motion is denied. Mr. Weeks—We except to Your Honor's ruling.

Mr. Weeks—The defendant herein, Roland B. Molineux, respectfully moves, for judgment of death, herein, that the judgment be rendered upon the verdict of guilty herein, upon the ground that the facts stated in the indictment herein do not constitute a crime.

The Recorder—Motion denied.

Mr. Weeks—We except to Your Honor's ruling. The defendant, Your Honor, desires to speak in his own behalf.

The Recorder—Is this by request of the defendant? This defendant has been in this court for three months. Denied by able counsel and has not spoken. It is unusual now to do so.

Mr. Weeks—It is the defendant's desire and we have nothing to say to him except that we believe he is right.

The Recorder—Is this by the defendant's desire or by his advice?

Mr. Weeks—I have simply presented it as the defendant has desired.

The Recorder then gave permission to the defendant to address the court.

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cranny of the house where sat the sorrowing mother and wife.

The neighbors showed their delicacy by remaining indoors. Not one came out to buy a paper.

LIKE BLEAK HOUSE.

The author of "Bleak House" might have had the red brick house of Gen. Molineux in Fort Greene place, Brooklyn, in his mind when he selected the title, for Fort Greene place is about the most bleak place imaginable on a chill, gray, fog-laden morning like that of Roland Molineux's doomsday.

And the three stories of red brick which hid the shrinking relatives of the prisoner, the innocent woman and the stanch old father who suffer most to-day, was the coldest and least inviting in the bleak row.

At 9 o'clock the front door opened. A little old woman came out. With a quick, sharp look, first up, then down, then across the street, she stepped off in the direction of Hanson place.

The great, square and open of that faithful old family servant, framed in the whitest, most sorrowful face in all New York, looked after the little pedestrian anxiously, solicitously, till she passed out of sight in Hanson place.

Then she slowly closed the door, looked it as if she would keep out the desperate calamity that was forcing itself upon that household.

MOLINEUX'S MOTHER.

She who had emerged was the mother of Roland B. Molineux. A dozen newspaper men stood in the group across the row, but they shrunk back and were silent till she had turned the corner above.

Mrs. Molineux stepped briskly, moved rapidly, with a suggestion of that jaunty sprightliness which characterized the manner of her son—doomed to-day to die.

Her face, so like Roland's in contour and feature, was white and drawn and full of poignant suffering, and to those who saw her in court during her son's trial she had aged ten years, and the jaunty step was plainly forced.

She wore that long brown cape and the black and white striped toque which was made familiar to the court attendants.

She turned down Hanson place and moved briskly along to Borough Hall Square. A moment she stood opposite the white-domed building, hesitated, then she passed on and completely circled the Borough Hall and the statue of Beecher, amid the clangor and bustle and bustle of the Court street, Fulton street, Myrtle avenue and Washington street trolley cars and the rumble of the elevated trains.

Circling the Hall without ever raising her eyes to the scene of bustle about her, Mrs. Molineux turned into Lafayette avenue and with a hurrying step returned to the bleak house in Fort Greene place.

SHE WALKED UNNOTICED.

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MORIBUND CROWD.

While the men and women jammed in the waiting-room noisily forecast Molineux's arrival Capt. Price was preparing to thwart them. As soon as the carriage drove in sight the captain signalled the driver to go to the Forty-second street entrance.

The carriage was driven into the shed where incoming trains arrive, and Molineux, looking a little paler than usual, and more excited, was hurried through a private door to the shed of the outgoing trains. He greeted his father and brother affectionately.

POLICE GUARDED CAR.

The party took seats in the smoker, a section of eight, four seats on each side. Several minutes before the other passengers were admitted to the shed. The shades on each side were at once drawn down.

Capt. Price had placed a big policeman at each end of the car, and no other passengers were admitted until the train was under way.

Just as Molineux was entering the car he noticed the saw and hammer provided for each car to be used in case of accident. He turned to his sister with a smile.

MOLINEUX'S JEST.

"Well," he said, "there's a hammer they may use that to pound me with."

An incident that gave even a more sinister air to the occasion and brought a quick flush to the young man's cheek occurred just before the party got on the train. There was a minute's delay and the group was standing on the cement platform.

Just then a great black casket garlanded with lilies was carried from the express room and placed in the forward car. Molineux caught one glimpse of the casket, then turned quickly on his heel and looked in the opposite direction.

When the news reached the crowd in the waiting room a great number bought tickets for nearby points so as to get admission to the train yard. Many of these were women and they stood about the car containing the condemned prisoner until it moved out at 2:15. Then there were cheers for the condemned man.

DELIGHTED MOLINEUX.

Molineux read it and looked delighted. "I am very much obliged to you," he said. "That is a very good point, is it not?"

The deputy warden unlocked the door and asked Molineux if he would like to take a little exercise.

He said he would and he was permitted to walk up and down the platform of the second tier for an hour. He was still in his shirt sleeves and had not put on a collar or tie. He wore a white shirt with cuffs attached and dark trousers.

There was a heavy growth of beard on his face, but the deputy warden told him he was the first in the line of prisoners who were to be shaved for court, and that his turn would come immediately after breakfast.

At 9 o'clock Tombs Caterer Beggs came in and asked Molineux what he would have for breakfast.

HIS BIG BREAKFAST.

"Well, as this is my last chance," said he, smilingly, "I guess I'll have to do justice to your bill of fare. You might bring me about six whatevers, with apple syrup, a couple of soft-boiled eggs, a cup of chocolate and six of your best cigars."



Do You Realize the Risk You Are Taking?

Pain or dull ache in the back is unmistakable evidence of kidney trouble. It is nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

If these danger signals are unheeded, more serious results are sure to follow: Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble, may steal upon you.

The mild and the extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney remedy, Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. A trial will convince any one—and you may have a sample bottle for the asking.

Lame back is only one symptom of kidney trouble—one of many. Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp-Root are—obliged to pass water often during the day and to get up many times at night, smarting or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sediment in the urine, catarrh of the bladder, constant headache, dizziness, "oppressive" nervousness, irregular heart-beating, rheumatism, bloating, irritability, worn-out feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh or sallow complexion.

If your water, when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settles a good deal, you have been so good a customer. He brought the vials requested, and Molineux did not fail to get them. He was then shaved, finished dressing himself in a neat cutaway suit, and was ready to face the stern Recorder and the sterner sentence which he knew awaited him.

"I suppose I shall see you again before I go," he said to Deputy Warden Flynn. "I want to thank you for your kindness to me."

THE DEPUTY'S TRIBUTE.

"Molineux," said the Deputy with emotion, "you are the best prisoner I ever had under my care. I believe you are the best prisoner that ever came into the Tombs. The boy at the time you were about you, and you may be sure they will all be around to shake you by the hand before you leave us. I'll see you off, you may be sure. And sorry I am that you are not starting for freedom instead of a believe you will some day."

The two men shook hands warmly, and there was moisture in the eyes of both of them.

Meanwhile, the corridors of the Criminal Courts Building were fast filling with an eager crowd of curiosity seekers, anxious to "be in at the death."

They pressed against the entrance doors and fought for each inch of space, as if life and death depended on their getting in. Extra policemen were stationed in the halls to keep order, and there was some pretty sharp talking to men and women too, who forgot good manners in the eagerness of their curiosity.

CHAPLAIN PRAYED WITH HIM.

Chaplain Munroe, of the Tombs, called at 8:45 o'clock and was ushered into Molineux's cell. He read a few passages from Scripture and prayed briefly, asking that strength be given the condemned man to meet the new trials of the day with becoming fortitude. A brief conversation followed, and the chaplain, finding that Molineux did not need artificial consolation, left him with a cordial good-bye.

"I cannot talk about what took place in the cell," said the chaplain to an Evening World reporter. "My mission in the Tombs with prisoners, and especially those condemned to death, is of a strictly confidential nature. I could only see the right side of the case. He seemed to take great comfort in the report of a decision yesterday by Judge Fierman. He read it to me and said that it was really a great point in his favor."

It was expected that Rev. Dr. Fierman, of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, would call this morning before Molineux was taken to court. But he did not put in an appearance.

FIRST TIME IN HANDCUFFS.

At 10:45 Molineux, handcuffed, was taken across the Bridge of Signs, with ten other prisoners and placed in the Tombs. There was a touch of pallor on his face. It was the first time that he had felt the indignity of those bracelets of leather and steel, and though he still smiled the smile which he bore all through the long trial, it was plain that he did not put in an appearance.

Help Wanted—Male.

WANTED—An experienced man in manufacturing chocolate from the bean. State references. 1712-211 World.

Lost, Found and Rewards.

REWARD: on questions asked. Return 1 book, battery, Reardon, 41 Liberty st.

DIED.

BRIDGE—ANNIE BRIDGE, nee Spiver, beloved daughter of the late Mrs. J. V. Hughes. Funeral 11 o'clock Sunday morning, Feb. 17, from 113 West 113th st., Church of Christ of Holy Angels, 113th st., between Lexington and 2d av.